

w

THE SOCIETY
OF THE

Golden Fleece.

G. C. Bowers, President.

MISS AGGIE M. BUEL,

VICE PRESIDENT.

MARY McDougall.

SECRETARY

MUSIC COMMITTEE.

J. B. WILLIAMS.

J. R. SEVERANCE.

PROGRAMME COMMITTEE.

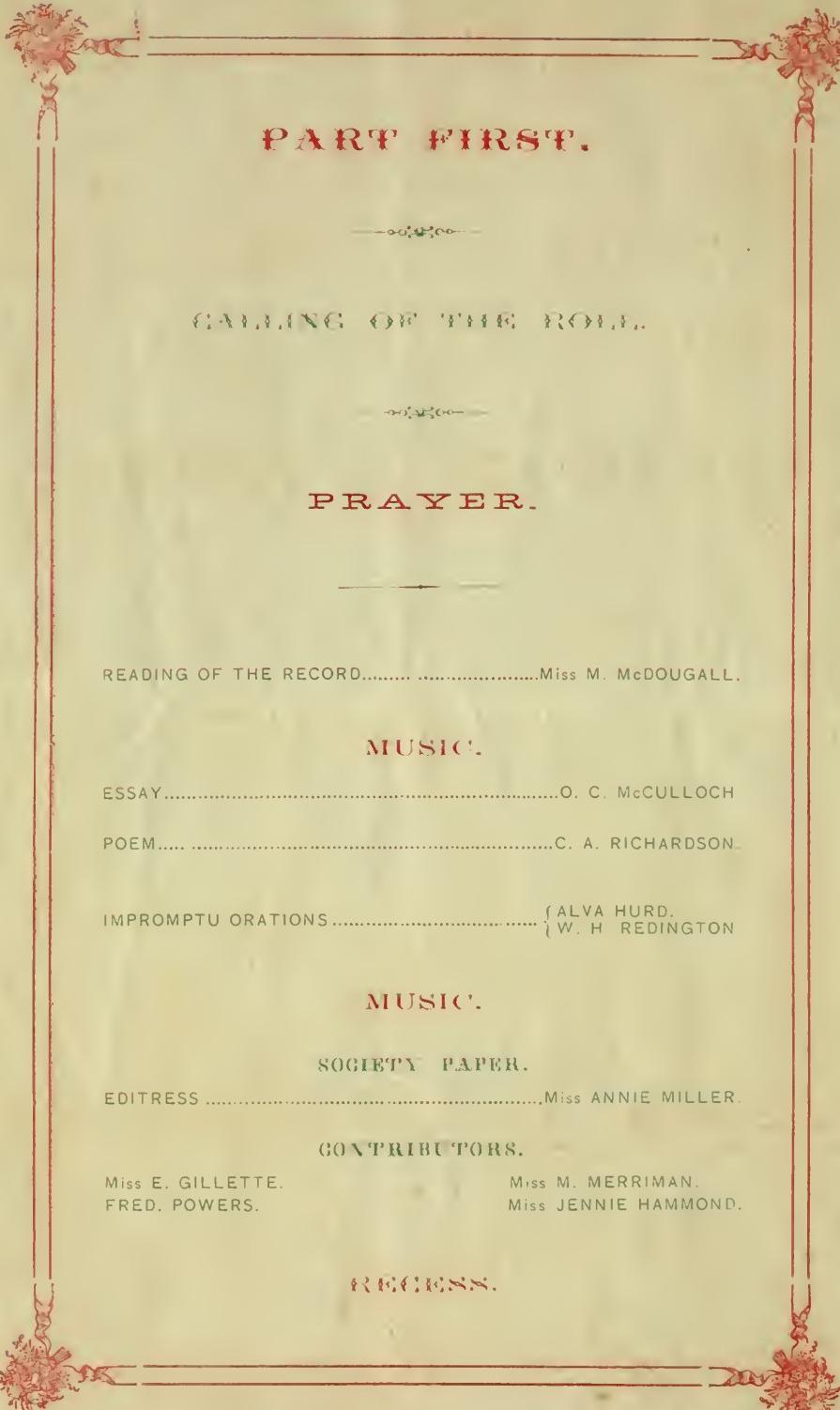
MISS ELLEN E. PETTIBONE.

FRED. W. FAIRFIELD.

PLACE OF MEETING, 401 WEST WASHINGTON STREET.

HOUR OF MEETING, 8 O'CLOCK P. M.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES FOR APRIL 26, 1869.



PART FIRST.

CALLING OF THE ROLL.

PRAYER.

READING OF THE RECORD..... Miss M. McDougall.

MUSIC.

ESSAY..... O. C. McCULLOCH

POEM..... C. A. RICHARDSON

IMPROMPTU ORATIONS { ALVA HURD,
W. H. REDINGTON

MUSIC.

SOCIETY PAPER.

EDITRESS Miss ANNIE MILLER.

CONTRIBUTORS.

Miss E. GILLETTE.
FRED. POWERS.

Miss M. MERRIMAN.
Miss JENNIE HAMMOND.

RECESS.

PART SECOND.



MUSIC.



“The Spirit of '76.”

CHARACTERS.

TOM CARBERRY.....	P. F. PETTIBONE.
MR. WIGFALL.....	H. W. FOWLER.
WOLVERINE GRIFFIN.....	Miss E. L. FOWLER.
MRS. BADGER.....	Mrs. G. C. BOWERS
VICTORINE.....	Miss CELIA FLAGG.
JUDGE.....	Miss FANNIE McCULLOCH.



MUSIC.



Valedictory by the President.



SOCIETY SONG.

Society Song.

By H. S. OSBORNE.

TUNE—"AULD LANG SYNE."

We meet with pleasant memories
 Of friendly concourse here:
And though we part, their influence
 Shall go with us elsewhere.
But ere we go, we'll sing one song
 Of friendship for the past,
And the hope that in the future, long
 These happy scenes shall last.

This anxious life is full of strife,
 And thick with thorns is strown:
Care builds her nest in every breast,
 And Age comes oversoon.
But Golden Fleece, thy scenes shall go,
 Like happy dreams of home,
To gild, with sweetest memories,
 The hours of care to come.

With wistful grasp, we press the hand,
 And sing the parting strain:
But the heart still lingers with the scene,
 And lives it o'er again.
Oh, Golden Fleece, dear Golden Fleece,
 Thy name and power shall live!
To many an hour thy influence
 Its sweetest charm shall give.

The lot of some may lead them far,
 Nor bring them back again:
But distance ne'er can break the tie
 Of friendship's magic chain.
Oh, Golden Fleece! our fondest thoughts,
 What e'er our lot may be,
In distant wild, or happiest home,
 Shall still return to thee.

RARE
BK RM
HS
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C4
G653
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